

My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Humph.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And stay their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their play,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads not yet their liues destruction,  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,  
Bewfords fire eies shewes his enuious mind,  
Buckingham's proud looks bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe:  
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:  
And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne mistris,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witness inow,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The prouerb no doubt will be well performde,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suffolke* Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,  
As if that shee with ignominious wrong,  
Had suborn'd or hyred some to sweare against his life?

*Queene* Yea but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

*Humph.* Far truer spoke then merit, I loose indeed,  
Besheew the winners hearts, they play me false.

*Buck.* Heele wrest the sence, and keep vs here al day,  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Card.* Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,  
And see him garded sure within my house.

*Humph.* O! thus king Henry casts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his body vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,  
Whilst wolues stand snarling who shal bite him first.  
Farewel my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,  
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

*Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.*

*King* My lords, what to your wisedomes shall seeme best,  
Do

Do and vndo, as if our selfe were he

*Queene* What wil your highness

*King* Yea Margaret, my heart is  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse  
For who's a traitor? Gloster he is no

*exit King*

*Queene* Then sit we downe againe  
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and  
Let vs consult of proud duke Hum  
In mine opinion it were good he di  
For safetie of our King and commo

*Suffolke* And so thinke I madam  
If our King Henry had shooke han  
Duke Humphrey then would look  
And it may be, by pollicie he worke  
To bring to passe the thing which  
The foxe barks not when he wou  
But if we take him ere he do the de  
We should not question, if that he  
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,  
Lest that in liuing he offend vs mor

*Card.* Then let him die before th  
For feare that they do rise in Armes  
*York* Then do it sodainly my Lo  
*Suff.* Let that be my lord Cardin  
*Card.* Agreed, for hee's already k

*Enter a Messen*

*Queene* How now sirra, what ne  
*Messen.* Madame, I bring you ne  
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in  
With troupes of Irish Kernes that  
Do plant themselues within the En  
And burne and spoile the Country

*Queen* What redresse shall we h  
*York* Twere very good, that my  
That fortunate champion were sen  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Iri